

Highlights from the 2022 Reunion

WHAT A GREAT 103RD REUNION we had in Richmond, Virginia. The attendance was light this year but for those who attended, we had lots to do, and fun was had by all.

After our 8:00 am executive committee meeting we boarded the bus on Friday to go to Pamplin Park. After our 45-minute ride, we got a guided walk of the museum, had a satisfying lunch, and received a tour of the park which included the battlegrounds. Stopping at The Battlefield Center, we caught a film about the Battle of Petersburg, parts of which occurred on the grounds of Pamplin Park. Walking through, we stopped to rest and were given a live demonstration of a lock and load fire of a Confederate rifle. The shoppers took full advantage of all the gift shop had to offer before we headed back to the hotel.

After our southern BBQ, we got a presentation from speaker Leon Reed about his father-in-law Frank Lembo and his experience across Europe as a combat engineer and the corresponding book as well as the book written in conjunction with our dearly departed Bob Burrows about his own experience.

Our memorable memorial service was held at 10:30am on Saturday morning under the leadership of Doug Knorr. It is so important for us to remember those who have left us and to celebrate our fellow man and country. On a lighter note, a fun afternoon was had with Chris Trombetta hosting a whiskey tasting event for those who wanted to participate. Bill Black was selected as the Best Whiskey Tester of the Day (and the most knowledgeable). Lindsay Trombetta, my granddaughter, was the day's Alex Trebek and hosted her own Jeopardy game where men faced women to see who knew the most about World War II. In the end, the men won but not by much! Our Dining Out with the local training command commenced at 6:00 pm that night and during cocktail hour, the 80th Veterans Association gained 5 new members when Lindsay set up a table and schmoozed with her free swag. We got to hear from Dr. Clay Mountcastle about the Virginia War Memorial, of which he is the executive director. The changing of the guard was held, and I stood to change over the gavel to Doris, as John McLaren could not attend.

At our Executive Committee meeting, several changes pertaining to the future of reunions were discussed. Because there were only 37 in attendance this year and because of the time and hard work it takes to organize these reunions, the committee unanimously voted to hold the reunions every other year going forward beginning this year. The 104th reunion will be held in 2024.



Burt Marsh and CSM Doris Wollett

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Christine Guidry Law

I AM SO HONORED to co-edit the 80th Division Blue Ridge Magazine with such a knowledgeable editorial team. I am also a newcomer: I first discovered the 80th Division Veteran's Association in 2018 while conducting research on my grandfather. I began corresponding with Andy Adkins and Doris Wollett. In 2021, I attended the 103rd Annual Reunion and I was hooked! I discovered a whole other family in the 80th and quickly offered my experience and education to the editorial team.

I met Burt Marsh, who quickly adopted me and spent precious moments with me regaling me with stories from the war. My historian's heart was overjoyed. His family welcomed me in and made sure I was comfortable. I met so many other wonderful veteran families and members who I know will become lifelong friends as well.

In my career as an award-winning history teacher, historian, genealogist and cultural activist I have spent many years researching and learning the history of WWII but what makes my heart sing are the human stories—the personal perseverance of each and every soldier and family member who sacrificed so much for the freedoms we share today. I have spent many years in the publishing world as an editor for various magazines and newspapers. I am currently writing a nonfiction narrative novel about my grandfather's time in WWII. I hope to have it published by the 80th anniversary of D-Day.

It is my promise to each of you to continue to bring news of the association and its members in a real and personal way while preserving the integrity and history of the amazing experiences of our veterans.

I want this to be your place to showcase your work with the 80th as well as the place to go for pertinent information, photographs, and stories. Please feel free to send us ideas for what you'd like to see here in the magazine as well as your own work. I am excited about this endeavor. Let's get busy! The 80th only moves forward!

A NOTE FROM THE REUNION CHAIR

Lindsay Trombetta

LET'S BRING IT BACK to our 2022 reunion. I am hoping that all of you thoroughly enjoyed yourselves and were able to rest and relax in the company of friends, some of whom now feel like family. With new joiners, some who haven't been in years and the regular tribe, the attendance may have been small but oh so mighty. In organizing the reunion, it being my first time, I wanted to try new things and hope they were well received. Times, they are a-changing, but we will persist. We have some great people in this organization, and I can't wait to see what the coming years will bring.

A NOTE FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

Leon Reed

I AM SO PLEASED to be part of the editorial team that will bring you the story of the 80th division and the soldiers who have made it so special. I first became involved in the 80th Division Veterans Association in 2017. I was able to meet five WWII veterans, including Charles Faulconer, Charles Parker, Ben Rupp, Burt Marsh, and Bob Burrows and got to hear their stories first-hand. And what stories they were!

I have spent a good bit of the last decade bringing soldiers' stories back to life. First, I worked with my wife, Lois Lembo, on the story of her father, A Combat Engineer With Patton's Army. Then, in 2021, I prevailed on Bob Burrows (317th) to finish his memoirs—he had written much of it up for his children and grandchildren about a decade earlier—and, like Lois, never imagined anyone else might be interested. But he worked with me through the summer and fall of 2021 and was able to sign off on the final draft a few weeks before he passed.

Since then, I've had the privilege to get involved with the memoirs prepared by "Doc" Brown (319th) and Walter Carr (318th). And we're proud to publish exclusive excerpts of their stories (as well as those of Christine's grandfather and Burt Marsh). We hope to continue in future editions to bring you news of the association and its members while also publishing original soldier memoirs and photos.

I see the 80th Division Veterans' Association as an active, vibrant group of veterans, family members, enthusiasts, collectors, and people doing research on the 80th division. We got carried away and included only WWII, but we have more than 100 years of service to report on. Besides meeting some friendly people and touring interesting places, you can get the benefit of people's knowledge of the 80th, swap stories, find out more about what your father or other relative did, see photographs you never knew existed, and get pointers on how to document your veteran's experiences.

Blue Ridge Service Magazine Staff

Editorial Staff	Christine Guidry Law, Editor Leon Reed, Managing Editor
Editor Emeritus	CSM (R) Doris Wollett
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Contributors	Dave Carr and AJ Micelli Camille Brown Phillips Burt Marsh Lindsay Trombetta
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COMMANDER'S MESSAGE

John McLaren, National Commander

I AM VERY PLEASED TO have been nominated to lead the 80th Division Veterans Association from 2022-2024! Our history must continue, as we have had a meaningful impact on the Nation's history. From WWI, WWII, the Cold War, the First Gulf War, the War on Terrorism, and continuing until today, the service of 80th Division Soldiers and their families has been significant and meaningful. I am proud to have led the Division to war in Iraq and to transition it into the 80th Training Command in 2008. During the Division's history it has always made a positive impact on its missions and the "Strength of the Mountains" has been its Soldiers.

Soldiers are the life blood of any unit. Today's Soldiers are smarter, better trained, and are highly motivated in the protection of our Nation. What we can never forget is the Soldiers in the heritage of the 80th Division set a very high bar for our current Soldiers to live up to and to model. Never giving ground during WWI and taking on the "Third Reich" in WWII cost many 80th Soldiers dearly. But their "never quit" attitude and capacity for sacrifice inspired us all during subsequent actions. Soldiers continue to train, to mobilize, and to serve today. They are the next great generation after serving at war for almost twenty years.

I am proud to continue to serve the 80th! Our history and legacy makes every member of the Blue Ridge stand a little straighter, marvel at our past and smile for our future. May God Bless you all, "ONLY MOVES FORWARD!"

A MESSAGE FROM THE OUTGOING COMMANDER

Burt Marsh

IT HAS BEEN A great privilege to be the commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association. We continue to lose members, but the Association remains strong and vibrant.

I surely enjoyed serving as your National Commander for the 103rd reunion. One side benefit for me was that it gave me more time with my family. I would like to thank my family: Daughter Tammi, Granddaughter Lindsay, and her husband Chris for all their hard work in organizing the reunion. Without them, none of this would have been possible.

I would also like to thank two people who have provided tireless service and are stepping down, and two who stepped forward. Our devoted and long-standing chaplain, Doug Knorr, has made the decision to step down and we wish him well in his future endeavors. Therefore, we are currently looking for a new chaplain to serve in the 80th Division Veterans Association.

Additionally, our hard-working secretary/treasurer Doris Wollett has given up her duties of publishing the Blue Ridger magazine. We were very fortunate that two experienced journalists stepped forward to keep the magazine going. Leon Reed, who has spoken at several conferences, and first time attendee and new member Christine Guidry Law, will be taking over this job. They have so graciously rendered their time and writing expertise to continue to publish the Blue Ridger.

2022 REUNION

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PNC Bill Black gives a kiss to Burt Marsh



Speakers Lois Lembo and Leon Reed with Burt Marsh



Reunion Ceremony

How Walter Carr Became a Patrol Specialist

(October 1944)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: On December 26-27, 1944, 1st Lt. Walter Carr, deputy commander of G Co. of the 318th, led a three man patrol from Hompre through three miles of enemy held country to link up with the defenders of Bastogne and bring back vital information on defensive layouts. He was the battalion's de facto "Night Patrol Guy." This excerpt from his unpublished memoirs tells the story of how he got that job.]

WHILE WE WERE ON the defensive before the Seille River, in late October 1944, my superiors wanted to identify the German unit facing us across the river and learn its capabilities: had a new division been substituted for the one we had been fighting? Was its orientation defensive or offensive? Was it being thinned out to move troops for an attack elsewhere? Or was it being beefed up with tanks to attack us?

The easiest way for us to get answers was to capture a prisoner. While we were attacking, we captured a few Germans almost every day. They knew they no longer had much hope of winning the war. But now that we were on the defensive, the chance of a German sneaking over to our lines to surrender was near zero.

The plan might have worked better if we had been given enough time to prepare properly. Battalion staff officers had sprung it on me only a couple hours before it was to begin. I needed more time to scan the terrain and memorize enemy trench locations and other key terrain features or else we wouldn't be able to evade detection.

On our first mission, my patrol crossed the river in rubber boats. I assumed we would have to sneak up to the edge of the village and wait for a chance to seize a lone German walking by. But instead, there were three Krauts, digging a trench. I was surprised. Earlier that day, peering with my binoculars from my foxhole near Clemery across the Seille River toward the village of Rouves, I had scanned this large, vacant field between the river and Rouves, and saw no German activity. But there they were—three Krauts shovelling away, digging a zig-zag trench. They must have started immediately after dark. This was our first indication they intended to defend from trenches in front of Rouves instead of from houses in Rouves.

But there they were: three. I hadn't worked out a plan for surprising one without getting killed by the other two. And we couldn't go after the three with our guns blazing; we were supposed to capture one, not kill them. I decided if we took action without a well-rehearsed plan, I could get a lot of us killed and certainly wouldn't accomplish our mission. I decided to cancel the mission and motioned for my men to return back across the Seille.

Even though our first patrol was a failure, I had gained valuable experience from my first night patrol and I was the first to report that the Germans were digging in. We should have hit them immediately with artillery before they dug their trenches deep enough for good protection.

I didn't have to wait long to receive orders to lead another patrol. This time, however, I got more than I bargained for—it looked like mission impossible. Once again my pla-

toon was to cross the Seille in rubber boats at night. But this time we were told to sneak through the German lines, circle around behind the village of Rouves and "shoot it up."

The shooting was supposed to fool the Germans into thinking they were under heavy attack. We hoped they would call for reinforcements from the nearby larger village of Nomeny, where German reserves were more likely to be quartered. Meanwhile, another American patrol would hide behind Nomeny and grab a straggler from the reinforcements.

The plan was an elaborate, round-about way to capture a prisoner. It was fraught with danger and full of potential for snafus. How did we know the Germans would send reinforcements from Nomeny? How would I know if the other patrol had slipped through German lines and positioned itself to grab a straggler? Was our attempt to capture only one prisoner worth the risk that the Germans might cut off our escape and capture 10 or 15 of us.

I'll never forget how the plan quickly broke down when my patrol prematurely stumbled upon a German zig-zag trench and the operation's made to order Hollywood ending failed.

The Jerries opened up on us. We hit the dirt and returned fire.

While the firefight raged, I suddenly spotted a German streaking to his rear. I feared he would return with reinforcements and I squeezed off several shots at him with my carbine but missed. Frustrated, I aimed at the ground behind him, hoping to hit him with a ricochet, but I missed again.

At Ft. McClellan, Ala., I had fired expert with the M-1 rifle in daylight. However, the Army had never taught me how to shoot accurately in the dark when I couldn't see to line up my sights. The German running to the rear was a major concern but I couldn't do anything about him. Now another problem became my primary worry. The shooting alerted other Germans all along their line of zig zag trenches. They shot flares, which burst high in the air and brilliantly spotlighted the surrounding terrain as they drifted down in their small parachutes. Heavy German gunfire drifted toward us.

I feared the flares would make us so conspicuous we couldn't withdraw alive. I had to do something immediately. The area would soon be crawling with Germans.

I bit my lip and cursed myself for allowing my second patrol to fail. We hadn't gotten behind Rouves to pose the threat necessary for the Germans to dispatch reinforcements. Now the other patrol would be unable to grab a straggler.

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I desperately scanned the landscape for a safe way to retreat; there wasn't any. The quickest way back offered no concealment whatsoever. The flares would make us easy targets but we had no choice. I started to give the order to "run for it" but suddenly I noticed something strange—the Jerries in the trench next to us had stopped shooting.

Why? No way to tell. But sensing an opportunity, I quickly re-evaluated my platoon's mission. I wasn't specifically assigned to capture a prisoner; the other patrol was. But a prisoner is a prisoner, regardless of who captured him. That settled it; I'd try to grab a German out of the nearby trench.

The idea had danger written all over it. The Germans in the trench were protected and we would be silhouetted against the sky. We would be perfect targets.

Nevertheless, I yelled for my second-in-command, Sgt. Bill Sargent, to follow and protect me. I had decided to run up to the trench and snatch a prisoner.

I was taking this risk because on my previous patrol I had blown an opportunity to capture a prisoner. This new, complex scheme suggested my regiment was desperate to capture a prisoner. In fact, my regiment had gone through a long dry spell without capturing one, starting several weeks before when we ceased attacking upon reaching the Seille River and went on the defensive.

Nearing the trench, I yelled in the best German I'd had time to learn that day from my phrase book. "Hende hoch und kommen zie aus!" (Raise your hands and come out.) Remembering that one German had run away, I assumed that only two remained in the trench. I yelled again "kommen zie aus schnell!" (Come out immediately.) This time one German stood up.

Sargent and I grabbed him and pulled him out. Sargent frisked him to make sure he wasn't armed. Our prisoner was hesitant to leave his friend. He kept telling me his buddy was wounded. Maybe he was cleverly trying to delay us. If not, I sympathized with him but couldn't lose time administering first aid. Anyway, with no medic along, we couldn't do anything for him. I assumed help would come for him soon enough—perhaps sooner than we wanted if we didn't get the hell out.

I firmly grasped the prisoner's arm and began the 200 yard dash back to the rubber boats. I expected that the Germans might blast our crossing site with mortar and artillery barrages. The Germans probably suspected we were out to capture a prisoner and would want to prevent our escape even if it meant killing one of their soldiers. That would keep him from providing us with any information.

The tension mounted as new flares illuminated our escape route. Each time one burst, I yanked the prisoner down flat on the ground. As each flare burned out, I pulled him up and continued running. After several of these episodes, we finally got to the crossing site. I was worried that the platoon guide might have taken the boats back to the safety—for him—of the American side, but fortunately the guide had held his ground.

But we weren't safe yet. The Germans could still blow us to bits with mortar and artillery fire. Amazingly, though, they never located our crossing site.

Once back across the river, Sargent and I took the prisoner to our company headquarters in Clemery. From there, our company driver took us to battalion headquarters in Manoncourt. I turned the prisoner over to battalion and told our operations and intelligence officers how we had captured him.

As we started to drive back to Clemery in our jeep, we got a whiff of breakfast being prepared in the battalion headquarters company kitchen. We stopped and I told the mess sergeant how delicious the coffee, bacon and eggs smelled. He invited us to eat—our first hot meal in at least a month.

When we got back to Clemery I climbed down into my foxhole, exhausted. No sooner had I dropped off to sleep than a battalion messenger woke me to take me back to battalion headquarters. Col. McVickar, our regimental commander, wanted to congratulate me. I was tired and sleepy, but I appreciated his coming immediately after battalion called that a patrol had finally captured a prisoner. He presented me with a bottle of Scotch and told me I would leave with the next truck load of enlisted men for three days in Paris. Eventually, I earned a Silver Star for this mission and also a reputation. I didn't know it for a while but whenever the battalion had a tough night-time patrol, it was likely I'd pull the assignment. One result of this "honor" is that I was the first person from the 80th division to make direct contact with Bastogne's defenders and another is that as VE day was approaching, Bill Elvin and I were sent miles ahead of Third Army to link up with the Russians.

The Army's citation, as usual, made more of it than it was.

"On the night of 24 October, 1st Lieutenant Carr was leading a patrol of 43 men with the mission of crossing the Seille River and capturing an enemy soldier from within the German held sector. While shuttling the river in a small rubber boat, Lieutenant Carr and his men were suddenly showered with enemy grenade and machine gun fire, causing the patrol to disperse. Lieutenant Carr then reorganized his patrol and together with seven men continued on the mission. Upon crawling over 300 yards, Lieutenant Carr assaulted one of the foxholes severely wounding one German soldier and capturing another. He then forced the prisoner to accompany him in a crawl some 300 yards back to his patrol thereby accomplishing the mission assigned. The personal bravery under constant fire and sincere devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Carr were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."

Finding the 80th: A Hero Rediscovered

By Christine Guidry Law

ON APRIL 18, 1974, I stood at my grandfather's graveside in Pointe Noir, Louisiana, and made a vow to clear his name and restore his honor. He had died two days prior on my seventh birthday. As I stared down at his descending casket, I mourned my champion and best friend. I adored him and he'd adored me.

He spoke to me in French, and I'd answer back in kind. I was his Jolie Catin—his baby doll—and he was my everything. The mere mention of his name still conjures up nostalgia of warmth and security. I wasn't his first grandchild, but as his first granddaughter he doted on me. Had he lived past my seventh birthday, our lives would have been drastically different because with him at my side, I was invincible. During that innocent time, I believed I could be anything my young heart could dream up simply because he made it so. I hadn't yet learned that behind those candy-coated dreams lay the shadowed nightmares of a tortured soul. Not everyone remembers him with the same affection as I do. In fact, few remember him at all; those who do tend to speak in hushed whispers with condescending or sympathetic tones.

Dupre Lejeune was a Cajun healer with a sharpshooter's eye. Honored by his community for his healing gift, he was heartbroken at being torn from those who needed him most when he was drafted and sent to France in 1944. The Army turned his natural skill with a rifle, honed as a boy hunting the Louisiana bayous, to hunting men. Each bullet unleashed against the enemy ricocheted against his soul, chipping away at his humanity. Battle by battle, Dupre was forced to suppress his vow to heal and embrace his obligation to serve.

Being a coward was a full-time job and according to his hometown, PaPop Dupre was a professional. Diagnosed with "shellshock" only six months after stepping onto the shores of France, he was never able to shed the stigma of the mental illness that plagued him until his death at 49. He was honorably discharged with full disability. Yet, all people saw was a worthless drunk and societal reject repeatedly barred from American Legion meetings. His comrades felt both pity and disgust each time he'd stumble in, speech-slurred and weeping. War-torn men were a familiar sight in the rural farm community of Pointe Noir in Richard, Louisiana. Most were regarded with honor, while PaPop was disrespected and ridiculed for his love of the bottle. I, on the other hand, saw a different version of the man no one could replace.

In 1945, when my grandfather was discharged from the Military Hospital, PTSD was not a recognized disorder. Shellshock held such a stigma; physicians from both war-time field hospitals and VA hospitals declined to include this official diagnosis in his military records. Instead, the reason for his hospitalization after battle was listed as unspecified disease and the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) still withholds the true diagnosis from his files to this day.

This stigma followed veterans like Dupre Lejeune home from WWII. Instead of basking in a hero's welcome, these soldiers regularly went into hiding behind walls in an effort to protect themselves from the demons that haunted them—forever burying secrets that could free them from a self-imposed prison of nightmares. Exhuming the truth hidden behind trauma-infused myths required years of start and stop investigation.

I began my search at my mother's side as a young girl. Mama was a genealogist when genealogy was relegated to an old people's hobby and no one really cared about the elder's stories. She dragged me along to every ancient person's home to comb through dusty photo albums and listen to countless stories of the "good old times" and endless community gossip. I admit that during those early days of my historical education, I was quite bored and not a very apt student. However, all that changed as I grew older and now these are some of my most cherished memories. When Dupre died, my mother was devastated at losing her beloved father and sought every way possible to cling to him. She gathered every shred of personal belonging she could and sought out old family photographs and stories of him from every living family member she could find. PaPop had been the baby of sixteen children—so the family members were numerous!

She wrote to NARA and visited the VA hospitals where he'd been treated. It was all to no avail as she hit wall after wall concerning his military career. She was told his records burned in the great archival fire of 1973 and yet, he'd died in 1974. Surely, there must be something!

Fast forward to my high school and college years and suddenly, I became the family historian. My quest would take fifty years of research and two college degrees to discover the true hero behind the man I called PaPop. I began to research everything I could find on World War II, especially the European Theater where my grandfather had served. I read books, dug through endless documents, watched documentaries, listened to and read veteran interviews, all in the hopes that I would discover some forgotten tidbit concerning Dupre.

Almost fifty years after his death, it was the new technology of the internet and social media which finally began to unlock the missing pieces. His pieced together discharge and WWII admission records stated that he had been drafted on September 23, 1943. He'd been inducted into the Army at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, on October 21, 1943, was trained as an infantry replacement and shipped out for Europe in August 1944. The paperwork identified his unit as Company I, 319th Regiment, 80th Infantry Division. I searched online for information on the 80th Infantry Division and found their extensive website organized by historian Andy Adkins. From here, I also discovered the Facebook pages of Patton's 80th

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Dupre LeJeune, Co. I, 319th



Dupre with buddy Vorace Matte



Dupre poses with three Army buddies

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Infantry Division, the 80th Division Veteran's Association and the 80th Division Blue Ridge Veterans. In 2018, I posted a photo of Dupre with all of the information I had obtained about his company and regiment. I asked for help finding out more about his military life during the war. I was quickly redirected to the morning reports for his company. What a wealth of information this turned out to be!

It took me some time to comb through all of the reports and action details to locate my grandfather's name but suddenly, there he was! I found him picked up by the 80th from the Third Replacement Depot in Mortain, France on August 25, 1944. Armed with wartime maps, I traced my grandfather's steps through each battle, marking every village he passed through. I read anything that would give me more information. I was engrossed in the history in a very personal way. Armed with all of my discoveries, my mother approached both NARA and the VA once more. This time she was told that what we had was much more detailed than the burned out records in the archives. We were asked for a copy of our research to once again "reconstruct" Dupre's records for future generations in the National Archives. At this time, we were given a list of all medals and honors he would be entitled to and Mom applied for those medals to come to her in his stead. I still felt there was more to discover though.

One year later in August 2019, I opened up my messages to find a post from Anthony Guerin in France requesting information on my grandfather for an exhibit he was creating in his hometown of Toul in the Lorraine Valley. I was intrigued as Anthony introduced himself as the president of the Memory Association of Wars in Lorraine, France. Through our many

communications over the next months, we discovered that my grandfather had been part of the liberation of the town. That in itself was quite exciting, but it wasn't the crowning jewel of discovery. Dupre's background allowed him to go where nobody else could go to liberate his ancestral lands. His secret mission helped free an entire nation and advanced the Allied victory. And no one knew. Until I uncovered the truth.

Anthony was fascinated by the fact that Dupre was a Lejeune as it is a popular name in the Lorraine valley. Imagine his surprise when I informed him of my mom's genealogical research. We had traced our ancestral lines all the way back to Medieval times and yes, it partially hailed from the Lorraine Valley of France! Anthony put together a beautiful exhibition for the 75th anniversary of the liberation of Toul. He included an extraordinary display about my grandfather and the PTSD that soldiers such as him suffered after the war. This began a friendship across the seas and we have kept in contact ever since, with him sending me tidbits of information he discovers. One such treasure was a copy of a small booklet on the 80th along with a more detailed map of the route of the 80th published in 1945 which helped further detail the history of their time in St. Mihiel, Toul, and Villey de St. Etienne. This gave me more information about the things my grandfather was involved in while serving in wartime France. Armed with this new insight,

Following up on this new information, I discovered that PaPop played a major role in helping to advance the Allied forces to victory through the very background he was persecuted so harshly for in the beginning of his military career. As a green eighteen year old draftee from the backwoods bayous of Louisiana, he was ridiculed for his native French tongue

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Burt's First Pitch

On July 3rd, 2022, our very own World War II veteran Burt Marsh was given the opportunity of a lifetime, one that many kids dream about.

Burt played baseball while overseas during the aftermath of war to try and make his time there a bit more bearable. He played from August of 1945 to June of 1946 and played 1st base and right field. Regensburg Germany was his home field and Bavaria was where they played away. From the stories I have heard, he got pretty good but never pursued a superstar career after the Army when he came home. Instead, he continued to be a loyal fan of his New York Yankees, NY being his home state. To this day, he is a diehard fan, and it was an immediate yes when given the opportunity to walk on the turf.

The Cleveland Guardians gave him the moment of a lifetime during the July 3rd game versus his very own New York Yankees at Progressive Field. He was granted the opportunity to throw out the first pitch. His walk out on to the field was just awe-inspiring to all of us, while he was just as excited as a kid in a candy store to see himself on the jumbotron. The announcers spoke about his career with the army, his rank, and his machine gun specialties while he was escorted by the Ball Girl. He stepped up to the halfway point between plates and wound up for his first pitch in probably 40 years. And, for being 96 years old, we and the other Guardians players think he did a pretty great job. He spent a few weeks prior in the front yard with his son-in-law, saying he didn't want to embarrass himself. None of this would have been possible without the help of our very own Man with a Plan, Bill Black who helped to facilitate the entire day, along with Tracy from the Guardians.

This, again, shows the resilience of the greatest generation and the men and women who fought for our country.

The link to the video is <https://vimeo.com/730396391> or also on TikTok at <https://www.tiktok.com/t/ZTRWa9Fmr/>



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and country accent. He was forced to speak English in an effort to “better educate” him and bring him “up to par” with his more worldly comrades. However, when his unit arrived in France the situation reversed. It was quickly noted by his superiors and commanding officers that he spoke and understood the local language very well. He became a valuable tool the Army desperately needed and one that would gain them advantage over the enemy. PaPop became both a translator and a spy for his CO—garnering valuable information about the location of certain German deployments as well as ferreting out sympathizers in Northern France. He was able to befriend many locals with his southern charm and easy manners, and was often billeted inside their homes where he gained important insight that would help the army greatly. This new, unexpected mission did not come without great sacrifices though. He inadvertently killed the young daughter of a family he had befriended and also watched his best buddy get blown up in front of him while taking Dupre's turn to pick up rations for the unit.

Like many WWII veterans, my grandfather Dupre did not speak of the war. The little he did share was whispered through drunken tears. His military career remained strictly off-limits with only glimpses of the pain he experienced peek-

ing through his stoic facade over the twenty-four years my mother had with him. He was always an enigma—a puzzling, contradictory character able to evoke both deep disappointment and overwhelming loyalty. He was an amazing musician, a compassionate healer, and a man of deep faith. But few knew him as such—his real identity was hidden behind the labels which would poison his self-worth.

How I wish he would have found the 80th Division Veteran's Association while he was still alive. Here, he would have been welcomed and loved for the very sacrifices he kept hidden deep within his broken heart. This past August I attended the 103rd Annual Reunion. There, I found a whole other family. I told the story of my grandfather and I stood in honor of his name at a beautiful remembrance ceremony. I laughed and I cried and I kept his memory alive. I have fulfilled my promise—my vow is complete in clearing his name and restoring his honor. I am currently writing about his story and my research discoveries in a full-length book. Stay tuned for publication dates.

I have always held the deep-seated belief that every soldier is a hero, no matter how short or long their time served. The minute a person dons the uniform and raises their hand in oath to protect and serve their country, they become a hero in my book. For my grandfather and all who served alongside him, in front of him, and came behind him—I salute you and I thank you! The 80th only moves forward!

Colonel Lansing McVickar

Submitted by Jos Tholl, Patton Museum, Ettelbruck

COLONEL LANSING McVICKAR was the commanding officer of the 318th Regiment of the 80th US Infantry Division. When the Third Army was ordered to counterattack in the Ardennes, the 318th Regiment advanced along the Alzette valley, attacked Ettelbruck on December 22nd, and liberated the town after several days of heavy combat.

Colonel Mc Vickar was killed in action on January 14th, 1945, in the vicinity of Ettelbruck when he came upon a German advanced post during the inspection of his troops.

He was laid to rest at the American military cemetery in Hamm/Luxembourg. A commemorative plaque at the roundabout next to the Alzette bridge honors the memory of Colonel Mc Vickar. Many of his personal belongings and documents are exhibited at the General Patton Memorial Museum in Ettelbruck.

Each year on January 14, representatives of the General Patton Memorial Museum commemorate the liberator of the town of Ettelbruck. In the presence of the mayor of

the city, the representatives laid flowers at the monument of Colonel McVickar. He also served in World War I, earning the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Purple Heart, and Croix de Guerre.

Lt. Walter Carr, a junior officer who served under him, observed, "He seemed strange at first. But it didn't take long for those of us at the bottom of the chain of command to realize our regiment was lucky to have him." Of his death, Carr said, "McVickar's death dealt us a real psychological blow... Competent commanders are scarce. McVickar had compiled a lifetime of irreplaceable military experience. To it, he added a human touch alien to most commanders. He loved his troops and expressed appreciation unabashedly... As long as we knew Col. McVickar was commanding our regiment, our morale was boosted, and we were willing to enthusiastically do whatever he ordered. He was our favorite commander."



McVickar monument



McVickar grave



McVickar exhibit



Colonel Lansing McVickar

Christine Guidry Law Wins National Teaching Award

OUR EDITOR, Christine Guidry Law, was honored as National Virtual Teacher of the Year by the National Virtual Teacher Association. She teaches history and is active in writing curriculum standards.

She stated, "The world of education is ever evolving and we, as educators, must evolve with it."

According to the person who nominated her, "Mrs. Law brings a wealth of experience to her virtual classroom. She believes in the value of utilizing teachable moments and going beyond to demonstrate a concept or provide in-depth infor-

mation for concepts. She provides multiple response methods and a variety of grouping strategies to help meet the individual needs of students. Mrs. Law is proactive in her approach regarding student success and works to actively involve students and their families in academics.

Mrs. Law has also guided other colleagues and student teachers in their efforts to utilize technology effectively and develop strategies for student success."

Since winning this award, Mrs. Law has been appointed the Director of the second oldest historical library in the nation: Union Library Company of Hatboro. She brings her passion and historical expertise to the position and is excited to be a part of preserving and running such a historical treasure.

The 319th Fights for the Moselle, by Edwin “Doc” Brown

Preface by his daughter: Camille Brown Phillips

[ED. NOTE: In early September, the 80th's romp across France was over and they were on the brink of crossing the Moselle River. Just as they were about to cross, the Third Army had its fuel taken away for a few days to give priority to Monty's botched Market Garden operation. By the time fuel supplies were restored, German resistance had stiffened and the 80th faced a fight. The 319th spent a portion of the month dispersed from the rest of the division, which was concentrated at Pont-a-Mousson.]

I am very grateful to the folks who produced and are reading this story. We owe a debt of gratitude to all the soldiers who sacrificed so much for our freedom. They were the Greatest Generation. May they Rest In Peace.

Many, many baby boomers are discovering their fathers in the attic... just as I have. I was 3 and a half, brother was 7 and sister was 10 when he passed away in 1955 at age 33. Everything about his life was put into 3 Army footlockers in the attic in 1955. In 2010, after my mother passed away, I found this treasure when I discovered his 51 page, single spaced typed WW2 journal plus 500 or 600 letters, maps, Newspapers, magazines, college scrap books, and photos. I feel I can almost talk to my dad now. Through the journal I understand that freedom is not free and the debt of gratitude that we owe our veterans. He passed away from a heart attack after surgery for Crohn's disease.

Camille Brown Phillips

—

MY BATTALION DURING the early part of September met only slight resistance and encountered some artillery and mortar fire; not until September 17 did we actually discover what rough almost hand to hand combat was like. The situation was briefly this. All but a small section of the west bank of the Moselle had been secured by our forces; this small portion was held by the Krauts in vain hope that it would enable them to disrupt our future plans for a river crossing. While holding this ground, it would be an easy and expedient task for them to knife our flank in any attempt. For this reason, it was absolutely necessary for us to attack and rout them out. For 2 or 3 days we had been primed for an attack. My platoon occupied a sector on the South of town near Pompey. It was a small town, and I set up the Command Post in a cave near the edge. We were definitely enjoying life here for it was convenient for us to secure rabbits and chicken from the towns people on the usual exchange basis.

On September 16, Lt. Harris joined me for a chicken potato dinner. I remember this incident well for it was his last supper. When we finished eating, the sound powered phone rang and I received a message to report to the Company CP at 9:15 PM. All the Company officers were present to learn that we would attack, minus one platoon, the next morning. Spin was instructed to stretch his front to cover the gaps left by the withdrawal of most of the company. Buck, Harris, and I were to assemble our platoons in town for the night and be prepared to move out the next morning two hours before dawn. By the time the meeting concluded, rain was falling by the

buckets. However, we managed to send our runners out and bring in the men. At midnight, I moved my platoon to an old barn building in the center of town and settled them down for the remainder of the night. Early the next morning, we gulped our K-rations and entrucked for a trip to the assembly area, a point 3 miles from the enemy positions. Our mission was briefly to clear a small but strongly held wooded gap which constituted the Kraut's sole claim for ground on our side of the River. An intelligence report noted several automatic weapons but to our disappointment, they were completely wet and ill-informed.

Well, we detrucked, as a matter of routine, and marched to our company supply point, there drawing extra ammunition and checking our weapons. Also, we dumped all heavy clothing and equipment that were not needed. We expected the job to require 2 or 3 hours and therefore carried with us the necessary fighting weapons, 2 rations, and a raincoat. At 7 AM we moved out with Buck on the left and my platoon on the right—the heavy weapon platoon was split and an equal part attached to each platoon. The terrain was unfamiliar but we seemed to sense the proper direction and proceeded to the IP (initial point). The IP is a designated or prearranged spot at which the attack begins. Usually it can be well defined so that all units in an attack jump off at the same time and from the same relative position, thereby assuring coordination and control of movement. As we hit the IP, which happened to be a firebreak, our platoons went into battle formation—Buck's platoon echeloned to the left and mine to the right. He stayed with his middle squad as I did with mine.

In moving up to the attack, we stumbled across two knocked out Tiger tanks; three badly burned dead emaciated German soldiers were inside. This damage resulted from a kraut attempt to break out of their hole the preceding day. Our battle formation was a very good formation, perhaps too close, as we crossed the IP. The scouts were out only 50 yards, since the woods were dense and the vision dim. We advanced about 300 yards before the fireworks started. Then we found ourselves trapped. The spearhead of our two platoons had been sucked into a machine gun crossfire. I hit the ground instinctively but couldn't think for a moment — it seemed like years. I said a quick prayer — and then looked up in an effort to determine their base fire. The bullets were striking the trees all around us and their mark indicated the direction from which they were coming. Sgt. Martindell was by my side. I told him to hold tight until I could crawl over and push my right flank squad around in a hook movement to eliminate a

continued on page 11

Chow line at Camp Laguna, during training.



Doc and Camille Phillips

THE 319TH FIGHTS *continued from page 10*

flank enemy machine gun that was causing us serious trouble. On the way over a bullet struck my grease gun and chipped a piece of metal off. Several whizzed past me but I was too scared to even think about it. By the 6th dash I had reached Sgt. Palli's position and discovered that he was pinned down and couldn't move. Then I made my way back to the center of our line to locate Buck. I gave instructions on the way to move forward by crawling as far as possible. During the intense rattle of machine gun fire I could hear a few shrieks and moans. Martindell had been killed no less than a minute after I left him and several of the boys had been hit, several killed.

The situation looked dark considering that we had been committed without the reserve that was so vitally necessary at this time—Buck and I had been shouting to each other. The boys were passing the information back and forward. We finally got together in the center and decided to check [Company E Commander Captain Garland] Godby, who we found underneath a large tree at least 75 yards behind the lines. He asked us the situation and we gave him a brief as to what was happening, and told him in no uncertain terms to get us a reserve platoon to strike on my right flank. This message went over the radio (x300) but it was at least 45 minutes before help arrived. In the meantime, Buck and I went forward again. Already a third of our men had been wounded or killed. We were short on aid men and boys were suffering. Lt. Harris was the first to go as he attempted to heave a hand grenade at a machine gun nest 15 yards away. As he raised to throw the gunner riddled him in the stomach. Sgt. Dance and Hicks also had been killed. Starner was severely wounded by machine gun fire and then hit again by mortar burst as the medics carried him back on a stretcher. The MG fire became sporadic and mortar shells were falling in at intervals of 5 minutes.

Buck and I were mad as hell by now, partly at Godby and partly because of the situation. To top this off, I had a deep gash in my ankle as I dived into a ditch to evade a mortar shell; I fell on a bayonet which one of the boys was holding up, unintentionally. Buck and I decided that I would pass the word

down the line when the support arrived and we would renew the attack. While we were still waiting I crawled over to several wounded men for aid—One of them was cut to threads, his legs were nothing more than gaping holes, and his midsection and arms had been pierced by mg fire. He cried for help but all I could do was to tell him the medic would come soon. I couldn't afford to stop and let the attack subside. It was a pitiful sight.

As we became more and more impatient, two squads from another company showed up. This necessitated another trip back since I had to show the platoon leader where my right flank was. When we had our signals arranged I went back to the middle squad and passed the work down to Buck and the attack was on. The left flank moved first. As we edged forward, slowly at first, our boys began to yell and curse. I've never heard anything to equal the noise which came out so spontaneously. The survivors of the first assault were crazy with anger and were determined to push the Krauts out. The attack gained momentum and I inclined my movement to the left to reestablish contact with Buck. When I caught sight of Buck again his platoon had already gained 1/2 of his objective and my platoon was moving in for the final kill. Soon the accomplishment of our mission became a reality and Buck and I made ourselves busy with the clearing of the ground which surrounded our position. We were now in full possession of our objective, which overlooked the town of Pompey. The wooded area ran to the edge of the hill from which we were sitting.

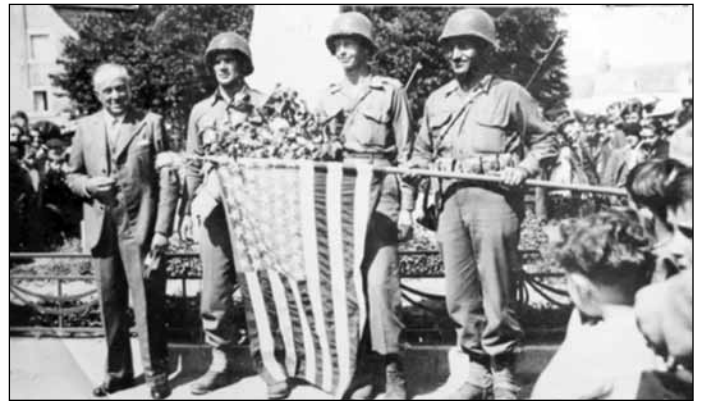
Godby came up after we had searched our front and flank... We were in the process of an informal meeting when an 88 shell landed 5 yards away—a dud, which didn't explode. Well, this was enough to postpone the purple heart meeting. We immediately returned to our position and began digging in for the night. Contrary to previous orders, we were told to secure our position for the night. It was supposed that we would be relieved after the fight. However, both relief and rations failed to show up but we didn't mind. Nothing seems to be important when there is a threat to life. During the night the boys stayed awake. The expected counter didn't materialize

continued on page 12

and we simply passed the time. Early the next morning K rations and cigarettes were sent up along with ammunition to replace that expended the day before. Then a check was made on casualty rate and events of the preceding day were examined. Briefly this is the action that transpired. Two platoons, numbering 84 men in total, attacked a position 300 yards wide and deep, manned by 200 Germans reinforced with machine guns, and advanced 350 yards in 8 hours. Ten enemy machine guns were destroyed and a majority of the enemy killed, the remainder expelled or wounded. Those who lived retreated down the hill and through the town of Pompey. Losses on our side amounted to 13 men killed and 26 wounded. My platoon finished the fight exactly half strength with 7 men dead and 15 men wounded—Buck's count was slightly lighter but never the less just as hard to take.

Spinosa arrived on the position with his platoon in the evening and my boys were placed in company reserve 200 yards to the rear of the defense line where we managed to clean up, inspect weapons, and rest several hours. Also, Godby and I engaged in another conversation. He asked me to write up citations on some of the boys and one on Buck... and told me he was submitting my name for a purple heart, which I promptly refused. Medals somehow lose their significance when you find out how they are won, and I couldn't possibly consent considering that my injury was one of the minor ones, a small but deep cut on the ankle. It is difficult to determine comparative degrees of merit, and, for this reason, I didn't want the job; nevertheless, I told him I would and, in the next few days submitted 7 or 8 briefs of individual action. All were approved. Buck was recommended initially for the Silver Star; however, when the account went to Adjutant at Regt he upped the citation and recommended a DSC. The papers were approved and forwarded.

By the time they reached Corps Hq., General Eddy had



319th Celebration upon liberating St. Benoit Sur Loire

the award changed to CMH and sent to Congress, where it was finally approved. Greg informed me as to how the papers were treated after they had been processed through Division Hq. Buck learned of the event about two months later but never said more than three words about it. He truly deserved the honor and I felt proud to see a junior officer, especially one of my best friends, justly compensated with the nation's highest award. Buck was very lucky to live through our first day without getting hit...extraordinarily lucky.

Members in Action: Thanks to Doug and Doris



Doris Wollett



Douglas Knorr

TWO PEOPLE WHO have been important parts of the 80th Division Veterans Association for a long time are moving forward to other pursuits. We thank both of them for their service and wish them well.

Command Sergeant Major (Ret.) Doris Wollett first is mentioned as the editor of this magazine (and also secretary) in the Winter 2011 issue. That was Issue #372. This is #404. She was the single-handed editor of 32 issues of this magazine. That's an astonishing accomplishment. When she stepped down, it took two people to replace her in half her job.

Chaplain and PNC Douglas Knorr has served the association in several capacities. He is mentioned as the 3rd Vice Commander in 2012, has added chaplain duties by Summer 2013, is doing double duty as Senior Vice Commander and Chaplain by 2014, and national commander in 2015.

An organization like the 80th always depends on 3 to 4 people who are willing to go over and above. Doris and Doug were two such people.

Thanks for your service!

Burt Marsh's War Memories

I WAS BORN IN 1926. I grew up in New York and played football, basketball and baseball during my time in high school. I played center in basketball and first base in baseball.

I was drafted right after my 18th birthday. In Basic Training, I trained with the M1 rifle, grenades, bazooka, hand grenades, mortars and the water-cooled Browning machine gun. We spent two weeks on the rifle range.

I departed the U.S. on the Queen Elizabeth, along with 21,000 troops. It took four days to go across the sea and I did get seasick.

I arrived to Europe in January 1945 and was assigned to Co. M of the 319th Infantry Regiment. I was in a machine gun squad. Six men were in a machine gun squad (1st gunner, 2nd gunner, Sergeant, and three ammo bearers). They were always attached to a Rifle Company. Along with the water-cooled Browning machine gun, I carried a .45 caliber pistol and an M1 rifle. I had two hand grenades hanging off his chest and a backpack.

After 5 days rest in Steincel, we returned to front lines on February 6, 1945, in preparation to cross the "Our" River into Germany and the Siegfried Line at Wallendorf. The engineers were trying to build a bridge across the flooded "Our" River but were unsuccessful because of extremely high water and German artillery fire. They kept trying, finally getting a footbridge built 3/4 across the river on February 11, 1945. In the meantime, the 1st Battalion attempted to cross the river in assault boats, but heavy artillery, rain and the swift current made it very difficult to cross. Some of the troops made it, but many didn't. Those that did established a beachhead in the Siegfried Line. This was on February 7, 1945. Then 2nd Battalion made it across on the night of Feb. 8 and 9, again in assault boats under heavy artillery fire. We lost many assault boats due to the swift current. Finally, the 3rd Battalion (me) crossed the river on the foot bridge wading, the last 30 yards in knee deep water at 11:00 at night on February 11, 1945 under heavy artillery fire. We lost many men and we held up at daylight. It rained all night and it was pitch black.

On February 14, 1945, we continued our attack on the Siegfried line, taking several pill boxes until we came under a

heavy mortar barrage. We held up and held our position. On February 16, 1945 the 3rd Battalion was relieved by another Division and returned to Wallendorf to reassemble the 319th Reg. During all of this, the 317th and 318th Reg. of the 80th Division were south of us crossing the Sauer near Dillingham, Luxembourg or the Moselle River near Trier, Germany.

On February 19, 1945 the 319th battled their way toward Bitburg, Germany in a northeast direction. Fighting was heavy all the way. Around March 6, 1945, the 80th Division trucked south about 90 miles to Saarbrücken. Again we attacked the Siegfried Line heading East to Kaiserslautern. There we turned north, fighting our way to Frankfurt. We crossed the Rhine in assault boats then the Main River. We headed toward Kassel, which was our last major battle. It occurred on April 3, 1945, which was also my 19th Birthday. From here we headed East through Erfurt, Gotha, Weimar, where we liberated the Buchenwald Concentration camp on April 11. As we passed thru, I remember seeing the dreadful sight of those prisoners. The 319th kept advancing East to stop just outside of Chemnitz on April 14, 1945. After leaving Kassel the fighting was spotty, a battle here and there.

On April 18, 1945, the 80th Division was transferred to Austria after receiving a report that the German 5th Army was still active. We travelled by truck with brief stops in Bamberg, Nuremberg, and Regensburg, arriving in Austria May 1, 1945. We met no resistance. The war ended May 8, 1945.

The 319th was in a little town of Ebensee, Austria. After occupying Austria, the 80th Division was moved to Czechoslovakia on September 19, 1945. Objective, protecting the German residents. Around November 15, 1945, the 80th Division moved to Mannheim, Germany preparing for their return to the USA.

Troops that didn't have 85 points (points were set by the war department to be eligible for discharge) were transferred to other Division. I went to the 1st Division located in Regensburg, Germany. I spent 13 months in the occupation of Germany. I had no duties for I played baseball in the summer and basketball in the winter. I left Europe June 6, 1946 and received my honorable discharge June 27, 1946.

The first battle I wasn't afraid, but after I was scared when the sergeant said "we are moving out," meaning we going into battle. Yes, we were well supplied, but the elements were bad, the snow and with cold feet, rain and getting wet, you couldn't get dry.

Being drafted was a Federal Government Law that on your 18th Birthday, you HAD to report to your local draft-board office. We HAD to fight to preserve our peace and our country. If Hitler had won what would the world be today? I had two brothers who served one in the Air Force and one in the Navy and they returned home safely.

left to right: Daughter Tina Barton, Granddaughter Heather Nisbet, Burt Marsh, Granddaughter Lindsay Trombetta, Daughter Tammi Marsh



Visiting Stan Friday in Philadelphia

by Paul Oechsner

I RECENTLY HAD A chance to visit my 100 year old friend and liberator of my home village Niederzimmern near Weimar in Germany.

Stan Friday was assigned as a Scout to HQ-Company of 2/317th Regiment. One reason why he became a scout is that he had extraordinary night vision. Stan fought the whole way from France to Austria until the end of the war. In Argentan, he was wounded during a German artillery barrage, earning the Purple Heart.

Until September 1944, he formed a scouting team with his best friend and partner PFC. Kenneth Monday. Where ever Friday was, you could find Monday. Kenneth Monday was killed by a German artillery attack before the 317th Regiment crossed the Moselle River near Pont-A-Mouson. His last words were: "Is Friday ok?"

During the Battle of the Bulge, Stan was sent almost every night on patrols to the German lines to collect information and intelligence. He also was sent out sometimes to capture German POW's for interrogation. He was able to sneak behind enemy lines totally alone a few times and captured all in all 5 prisoners during the war.

During his patrols, he ended up in hand to hand combat situations three times. One time a German surprised him and attacked him with a knife. The German hit the knife into Stan's chest, but luckily Stan was carrying a cartridge belt, which stopped the knife from penetrating deep into to his flesh. Stan fell over backwards and shot the German three times with his pistol. Obviously Stan survived all these confrontations. But these experiences are still haunting him in his dreams more then 77 years after the end of WW2. "To go alone on a patrol

between the lines during the Battle of the Bulge was scary. In the dark a German could wait behind any tree or shadow... to return back to our lines was as dangerous as sneaking up to the German lines. But luckily I never experienced friendly fire."

The Battle of the Bulge with freezing cold conditions and endless artillery shelling are the worst memories of Stan's life.

In December, after my return home, I was able to visit the grave of Friday's buddy, Kenneth Monday, and carry a message from his old friend. The note said, "Greetings from your old buddy, Stanley Friday. Not a single day has passed in the last 78 years when I haven't thought of you."



Essential Research Tool: 80th Division Website (WWI and WWII)

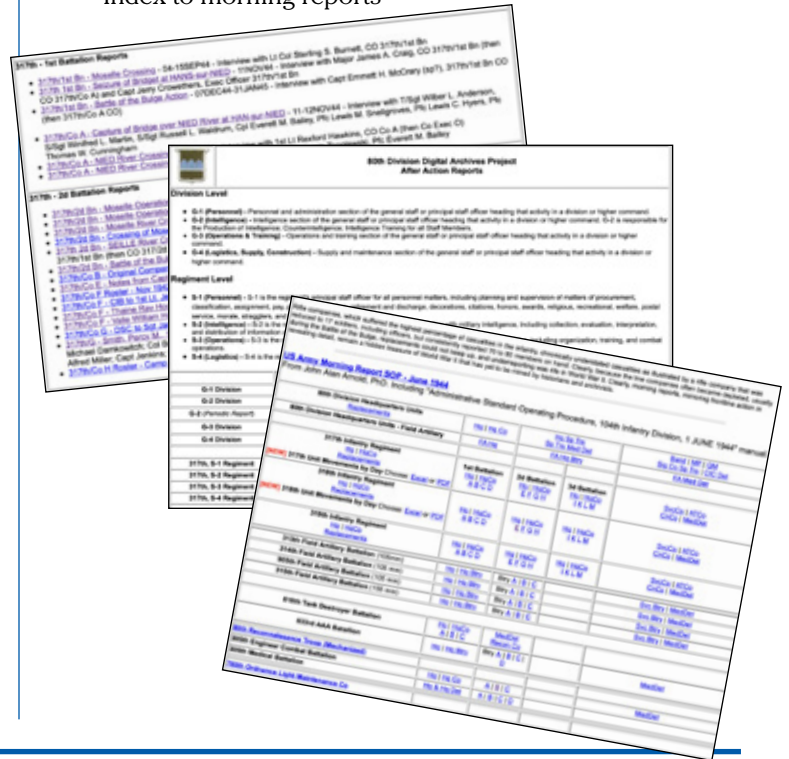
80TH DIVISION RESEARCHERS have an outstanding force multiplier they can use: the 80th Division web site. <https://www.80thdivision.com>

Created by Andy Adkins, whose father served with the 317th/Co H, the 80th Division web site is one of the outstanding divisional web sites in existence. It contains a massive archive of divisional records: more than 150,000 pages of monthly unit histories, after action reports, morning reports, General Orders (medals awarded), and special interviews recorded shortly after major events such as the Moselle River crossing, the expedition to relieve Bastogne, the Sauer River crossing, and the last military operation in the ETO, Team Smythe.

These records are at the division level and extend through every subordinate unit down to the company. Morning Reports are available from Aug '44 through May '45 for all 80th Division companies, as well as the 4th Armored Division (when attached to the 80th Division). The web site also contains a number of Miscellaneous Reports from Division level, Regiment Level, and Company level, oral history interviews, photos, books & memoirs, copies of division and battalion newspapers, copies of the Veteran's Association magazine, and much more.

The site also contains a significant collection of 80th WWI history, including books, photo collections, and the original 80th Division Veterans Association Service Magazines, beginning with Volume 1, Issue 1 (October 1919).

A few samples of the information available are shown below.
 Front
 A few of the special reports and interviews
 Index to morning reports



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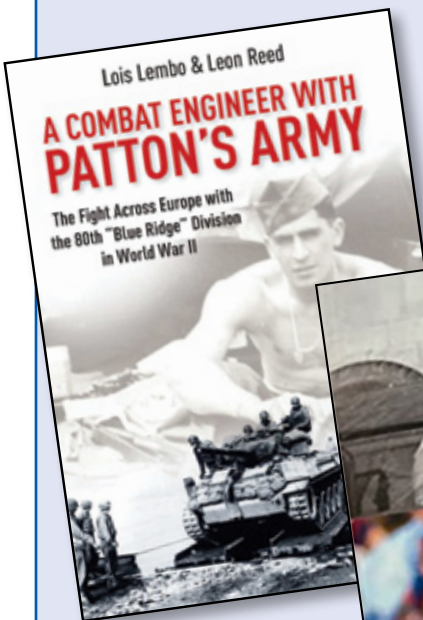
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Leon Reed and Lois Lembo Make Presentations About 80th Division

IN MID-DECEMBER, Leon Reed and Lois Lembo had the chance to tell the 80th Division's story to a crowd of more than 100 at the Minnesota Historical Center in St. Paul. They were the guests of the Dr. Harold C. Deutsch World War II History Round Table. While there, they also saw the place where B-25 bombers were modified for the Doolittle raid, visited two aircraft restoration facilities and aircraft museums, toured Fort Snelling, discussed history with a group of students, and walked through the Greatest Generation exhibit at the Historical Center. The presentation can be seen at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v_4T7hv6sYg

In late January, Reed also made a presentation about the 80th Division in the Battle of the Bulge to the Battle of the Bulge Association at their annual Commemoration event in Washington, DC.

TAPS

The men of the Greatest Generation, who saved the world from Hitler's tyranny, are facing their last muster with grace and dignity. A few who left us.

Calhoun, SFC(R) James, 1-317th • Lawrenceville, VA
DOD: 2/19/2023 • Rptd by: CSM(R) Jim Corrin

Galluzzo, James, 317th • Brewster, NY
DOD 10/9/2022 • Rptd by: Aldobrandino D'Marais

Hicks, Edward Clyde, 3-319th • Meadowview, VA
DOD: 3/28/23

Kellams, SFC(R) Joe, HQ 80th Div G3
Highland Springs, VA
DOD: 12/27/2022 • Rptd by: Richmond Times Dispatch

Lovlace, SGM(R) Robert, 2174th USAG
Roanoke, VA
DOD: 9/27/2022 • Rptd by: SSG(R) James Kincanon

Mullins, Dewey, 317th
DOD: 12/3/2022 • Rptd by: Facebook

Nicholas, Wm Walter, 317th • Maidens, VA
DOD: 11/3/2022 • Rptd by: Facebook

Otis, James • E Company, 3rd BN/319th REGT/2nd BDE/80th Div • Clarksville, TN
DOD: 3/16/2023 • Rptd by: MSG(R) Terry Moore

Shoemaker, SSG(R) Charles 3-319 • Elton, VA
DOD: 10/28/2022 • Rptd by: MSG(R) Terry Moore

Smith, SFC(R) Wallace, 3-319th • Abingdon, VA
DOD: 10/13/2022 • Rptd by: MSG Terry Moore



Leon making presentation



Touring an aircraft museum



Leon and Lois with President Don Patton

UPCOMING EVENTS

41st Annual Reunion

BATTLE OF THE BULGE Association 41st Annual Reunion, New Orleans, LA. The reunion will be held from July 28-August 1, 2024. The main feature is the National World War II Museum, but the event also offers a chance to see New Orleans, stay (at a discounted price) at the often-full Higgins Hotel, and mingle with other Bulge aficionados.

Several members of the 80th will be there and we're ready to extend all our members a warm welcome. Bring your research and share it with us; get suggestions on next steps for your research.

- Meet and talk to Bulge veterans
- Historical presentations
- Tour the National World War II Museum
- Commemoration event
- Tour of New Orleans
- Discounted stay at Higgins Hotel, next door to museum.
- Meeting room with 80th division exhibits and information
- Share/present your research and get suggestions.
- Find out about/help plan 80th anniversary activities

<https://battleofthebulge.org/wp-content/uploads/2023/03/2023-REUNION-PAGES.pdf>

NOTE: There's no 80th Division Reunion in 2023, but the Battle of the Bulge Association Reunion is an excellent chance to get together. Nothing official, but many of us will be there. *Join us in the Big Easy!*

Coming Up: The 80th for the 80th [TBD]

2024 WILL MARK the 80th anniversary of many of the 80th Division's activities: Argentan, the Moselle crossing, the Lorraine campaign, "I can attack with three divisions in 72 hours," etc. Sadly, it will also inevitably be the last major milestone attended by significant numbers of veterans. Major commemorations will be held throughout the year, both in the United States and in Europe. Some will include major commemorations in Argentan, at the site of the Moselle Crossing, and throughout Belgium and Luxembourg.

One US event we know will happen will be the annual Bulge commemoration, always held near either December 16 (2024) or January 25 (2025) to mark the beginning or the end of the campaign. This event is co-sponsored by the Battle of the Bulge Association and the embassies of Luxembourg. It involves simple ceremonies at the Arlington Cemetery Bulge Memorial, plus a reception at one of the embassies. Stay tuned for updates.

Battle of the Bulge Conference, Gettysburg, PA

AMERICA'S NEWEST AND MOST exciting World War II museum, the World War II American Experience Museum, Gettysburg, PA 17325. Tentative date, January 27, 2024. Topics explored will include:

- 80th division
- 106th Division
- Experience of the common soldier
- Impact on the Homefront.

<https://visitww2.org/?v=757e5b5109ed>



ANNUAL MEMBERS

Elliott, Jr, Bobby – 760th EN and 1/318th
Henderson, Carrie – Father of Benjamin Walker 905th

DONATIONS

Brown, COL(R) John – To The General Fund
Campbell, COL(R) Bart – To The General Fund

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Andy Adkins

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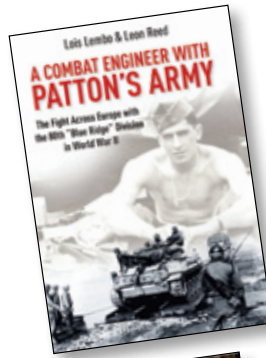
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through Dec of the
year indicated.

Check your name and address (Apt., Bldg., Lot No., etc.)
Notify the Secretary if you find an error.

Blue Ridge Books: World War I and World War II



You Can't Get Much Closer than This: Combat With the 80th "Blue Ridge" Division in World War II Europe
A.Z. Adkins, Jr., and Andy Adkins III.
317th regiment



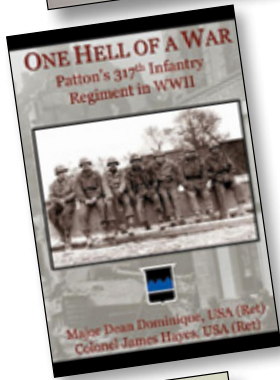
A Combat Engineer with Patton's Army: The Fight Across Europe with the 80th "Blue Ridge" Division in World War II
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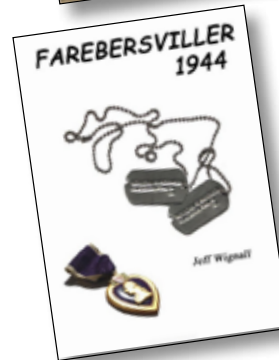
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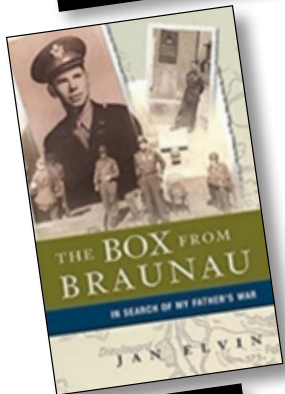
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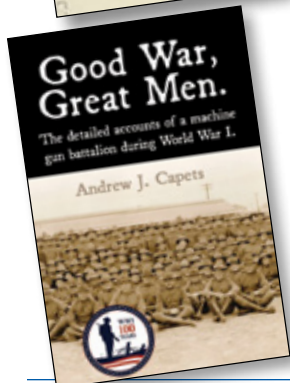
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